



Fuerstenstein, the Pless Castle, Where the Princess Is Reported to Be Virtually a Prisoner.

DISTRESSING PREDICAMENT OF THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS OF PLESS

Her German Husband at War with Her English Brothers, She Is Believed to Be a Prisoner in a Gloomy Castle Hemmed in by a Thousand Spies

London, Oct. 17. CONSIDERABLE anxiety is felt in the highest social circles concerning the fate of Princess Henry of Pless, the beautiful and popular Englishwoman, married to a great German nobleman.

The Princess's husband is understood to have gone to the front in the German army, while her brother and brother-in-law and many of her other English relatives are fighting with the allied forces.

The Princess was originally Miss Daisy Cornwallis West, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West, and member of a family that has been right at the top of fashionable society ever since the late King Edward was at the height of his social fame. He thought Mrs. Cornwallis West the most entertaining person he had ever known, and her daughters are equally admired by all English society. All the West women are lively as well as beautiful, and their path through life is constantly marked with exciting episodes.

The Princess's sister is the Duchess of Westminster, an equally beautiful woman, and wife of the richest nobleman in England. She has had a serious disagreement with her noble husband, as most people know, but it is believed that his heroic conduct in the present war has started a reconciliation between them.

The Duke, who was formerly an officer in the Royal Horse Guards, went to the front with the Ninth Lancers at the beginning of the war. At Compiègne, where the British army was severely pressed by overwhelming numbers of Germans, the Duke rescued Captain F. O. Grenfell, the well-known polo player, who was severely wounded, and carried him to safety under heavy fire. The general of the cavalry brigade in which the Duke was serving reported him for distinguished bravery. The same general also made these remarks about his men:

"Our men went through the Uhlands like brown paper.

"We have established an unquestioned personal ascendancy over the enemy. Their cavalry cannot oppose us unless they are two or three times our number."

All these little facts have a bearing on the Princess of Pless's position, for her husband is an officer in one of the despised German cavalry regiments.

Pictures from England Irritate the Germans.

The Duchess of Westminster herself is working as hard as she can making and collecting garments for the British soldiers in the field, especially warm underwear, which they will greatly need during the coming winter. She has turned her house near London—Gifford House, Roehampton—into a headquarters for this kind of work. She has been repeatedly photographed with her friends and servants busily engaged in this patriotic labor. She has been to see various contingents of soldiers off to the front and has encouraged them as only a beautiful and charming woman could do.

The brother of the Duchess and of the Princess of Pless is George Cornwallis West. He was married some years ago to Lady Randolph Churchill, the dashing American woman, who was then a shade older than his mother. Recently she obtained a divorce, and he then married Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the brilliant actress. Young West has been made the subject of a few pleasantries on account of his penchant for native wives, but his bravery and patriotism are beyond suspicion. He served in the Boer war.

He was formerly a lieutenant in the Scots Guards. He returned to this regiment at the outbreak of the present war, but was soon promoted to be lieutenant colonel of a battalion of naval reserves organized for land service because there were more of these men than the navy needed. It is probable that he was sent to Ostend to strengthen the British force there in the difficult position it occupied after the fall of Antwerp. It was once rumored that he was shot as a spy.

Much of the news concerning the patriotic and warlike doings of the West family has filtered through, perhaps exaggerated and embellished, to the German relatives, friends and servants of the Princess of Pless in Germany.

No news has been received from the Princess for many weeks. It is not known certainly where she is, but it is believed she is at the castle of Fuerstenstein, an immense country estate in Silesia.

That was the last place from which she wrote to her friends in England. She said that her surroundings were terrible, but did not go into details because all letters are opened by the German Government, and any person or English birth in Germany is naturally subject to suspicion of being a spy.

The Princess said that her husband has had not then gone to the front. It is believed that he must have done so since then, leaving her in a very pitiable situation, surrounded by hostile and excited persons and suspected of sending information to her British relatives.

Friends of the Princess believe that she is practically a prisoner in the great Castle of Fuerstenstein. There are over a thousand servants, tenants and dependents of the Prince in the castle and estate surrounding it. All the men are or have been soldiers in the German army. They must look on the Princess as an enemy and an English spy.

Every step she takes is watched by these excited patriots. Every letter she writes must be intrusted to one of them, and it is presumed that it is taken promptly to an army officer for examination. Every word she utters is reported. She never goes out without being followed by these spies and it is believed that she would not be allowed to go beyond the boundaries of her own estate if she tried to.

An English lady's maid in the employ of the Princess has sent many of the particulars concerning their treatment to her sister, who is employed in the West family.

Some of the English newspapers showing members of the Princess's English family taking an heroic part in the war have reached Fuerstenstein and have caused the greatest excitement among the ignorant peasantry. They imagine that the Princess's brother is taking advantage of his knowledge of Germany to assist the English in various underhand ways and that she is supplying him with information.

One of the English newspapers shows the Princess's English brother-in-law, the Duke of Westminster, scattering about a hundred German cavalrymen single-handed. This has naturally aroused great indignation among the German servants and peasants.

The Prince of Pless is a lieutenant colonel "à la suite" of the Seventeenth Prussian Hussar Regiment. This is an honorary rank. In his youth he had a military training like nearly all German



The Princess's Brother-in-Law, the Duke of Westminster, Who Is Distinguishing Himself at the Front.



Three Recent Pictures in English Newspapers Which Have Greatly Embarrassed the Princess.

- 1—Her Sister, the Duchess of Westminster, Making Clothes for the British Soldiers Fighting the Germans.
- 2—Her Brother-in-Law, the Duke of Westminster, Who Was Reported for Distinguished Bravery in Action Against the Germans.
- 3—Her Brother, Colonel George Cornwallis West, Now Commanding a British Battalion Against the Germans.



The Princess's Brother, Colonel G. Cornwallis West, Who Also Is Fighting Her Husband's Countrymen.

Princess Henry of Pless, the Beautiful Englishwoman, Whose Position in Germany, Surrounded by Hostile People, Excites Great Anxiety in England.

noblemen, but soon gave up army life to take charge of his immense estates. As all the German reserves have been called out and there is a great need of officers, it is believed he must have been called into active service, although no news has been received from him.

The Prince owns about 50,000 acres and is one of the richest men in Germany. In addition to the castle mentioned he owns the castle of Pless and about six other castles and country estates. He has a great hunting estate at Promonty in Upper Silesia and a palace in Berlin.

He is an intimate personal friend of the Kaiser, who has confided many secrets to him.

The Kaiser once sent the Prince on a mission to New York. His Majesty has performed some of his most awful slaughters of deer and other game on the Prince's estates.

The Prince and Princess have three sons, for one of whom the Kaiser acted as godfather. His Majesty has always expressed the greatest admiration for the Princess. He once said that she was the most perfect type of English beauty. She has a delicious, well curved figure, a mass of lovely blond hair, large violet eyes shaded by long lashes and a very winning expression. Much of her charm may be

attributed to her Irish descent. Her mother was a Miss Fitz Patrick and came of an old Irish family.

Experience proves that whatever friendship the Kaiser may have shown for the English Princess in the past, it can be of little service to her now. The closest personal relationships between rulers and citizens of the warring countries are utterly annihilated. The Kaiser is fighting against the country of his mother and the country which his grandmother ruled. Yet according to all accounts he is more bitter against England than anybody in Germany.

The Princess of Pless is in the most cruel position of all those whose private relationships have been disrupted by the war. Members of royal families placed in a corresponding position are supported by the tradition that requires them to be faithful to the country where they marry or take up their residence. It is essential to their existence that they should stick to this tradition. The Queen of the Belgians bravely stayed at her place while the German armies, one of them commanded by her brother, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, attacked Belgium, her adopted country.

With private persons it is different. The Prince of Pless is not a member of a reigning family, and his wife is virtually a private person. Technically, a woman becomes a citizen of her husband's country, but no one supposes on that account that she will lose all affection for her native country. Americans do not suppose that the many American women married in England will be indifferent to the fate of their native land.

Similarly, the Princess of Pless must feel a filial sympathy for England, and this is regarded as a crime by the warring nation that surrounds her!

Real Human Nature in Flies, Ants and Dandelions.

PLANTS and animals are a good deal like human beings. Some are ambitious, some are indolent. Some attain prosperity, some remain miserably poor. Some profit by prosperity, others are spoiled by it. Some are rankly individualistic, others so strongly socialistic that they weaken themselves and their race.

"Nothing is more successful than the fly," says Professor A. S. Pearce, of the University of Wisconsin. "It is impossible to exterminate him. He adapts himself so remarkably to changing conditions that if he were wiped out, say, in the United States, he would find a breeding spot in some remote part of South America, where even Roosevelt has not penetrated."

The bee, too, is a remarkable creature, but likely to be the victim of specialization. The fly can live on anything, but the bee lives only on honey. The bee is on the road to destruction because it has so limited its food, and if the supply of honey should be destroyed it would die. Often when flowers over a large area have been killed by frost or drought, swarms of bees have been found dead.

The dandelion is a progressive. It is always up to some new wrinkle to preserve itself. It has lately developed a faculty for growing without being fertilized. It is full of improvements. The barnacle is an example of the idle rich. It is always looking for a "snap." It attaches itself to something so that it doesn't have to

work for a living; all it does is to let the water bring food to it. But it has lost a great deal through this characteristic. It has lost sensitivity, which is always the penalty of settling down to live without a struggle.

Ducks are remarkably co-operative, and so are pelicans. Often a flock of pelicans will swim far out, form a semi-circle and then swim toward shore, driving the fish before them until they get them into a convenient cove, where they devour them at will.

But the most complete communal life is that of ants. They make other ants serve as slaves. Some of them have developed into door-tenders. They have hard heads, with which they plug up entrances. Friendly ants announce their presence by stroking the heads in a peculiar way, giving the password, as it were, and then are admitted. These ants even raise a type of mushroom on which they live.

The "sanguinary ants" are what Prof. Wheeler calls the "facultative slave-workers." Here, also, we find gradations in the extent to which evolution has operated to produce greater or less dependence of owners on slaves for the discharge of the duties of the nest.

For instance, in the case of *Formica sanguinea*, a typical slave-holder of Europe, we may find the ants living both in independent slaveless colonies and in nests where the service is slave-discharged.

And many ant communities are pestered by hoboos. About 1,500 varieties of parasites which prey upon ant communities have been found—panhandling ants, which make their living like human "bums" by begging or stealing food from their honest, hard-working brothers.

But ants will pay the penalty of this co-operation. Such condition means high specialization, each ant learning to do only one thing, becoming in truth a piece-worker. Some little change in their environment would force a great many to drop out. Their usefulness would be ended.

The horse is another example of too much specialization. It has specialized too highly on speed.

The worst thing that an animal can do is to be too successful, because if the conditions under which he lives change he suffers extermination. Look at the sabre-toothed tiger, once the mightiest and perhaps the only mammal of its day. It probably lived on the giant turtle, until it killed off the turtles, and then it had to die.

Man is the most successful creature so far, because he has kept his balance, but the worst thing about him is the large size of his brain, for it indicates that he has let himself grow too much in one direction. Biology teaches us that success is attained by keeping the power to improve; by going out and struggling; by not looking around for a snap, but principally by not permitting oneself to grow into a rut.